

Sketch

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Art

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I spent the afternoon there, exploring. There were piles of pottery and flint chips near the creek and I ate lunch on the spot where thousands of years ago men sat and watched their horses drink from the crater's lake, just as I sat and watched the bell-mare's herd.

The rain is stopping and as I leave this spot I see something else.

One other thing.

There is a perfect ring of stones, smoke-black. I touch them and my finger stains fresh soot and I know who and now why and there really isn't any solving some things, just finding what you can and keeping it sacred for yourself.

I turn and beyond me the perfect circle of the crater frames a ragged sky and from the ring of horses at the center a dapple-grey steps off to graze as a sound-colored silver rises gently to meet me.



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